UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Way to Preserve Liberty - - - - - - - - - *Albert C. Dieffenbach*

Church and Child - - *May Stranathan*

Germany: The Old Fatherland - - - - - - - - *Helen Kimberly McElhone*

Chaos in Conquered Poland - *Devere Allen*

Treatment of Aliens and CO's in England - - - - - - - *Frederick Hankinson*

TRUMPETS ON NEW HORIZONS

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The Field

CO Jailbirds*

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Several evenings ago I had dinner with a rather unusual group. There were twenty ex-jailbirds around the table, and none seemed in the least concerned or contrite about his prison record.

All the men had been conscientious objectors in the American Army during the World War, and they were being entertained at the annual gathering of the War Resisters League. They included a man named Rudolph J. Vrana, first United States conscript sentenced to be shot to death for refusing to put on a uniform. His life, luckily, was spared by President Wilson, as were the lives of sixteen other objectors who received the death sentence.

They included also a man named Howard Moore, who had been sentenced to a long term in Leavenworth. To break his spirit, prison guards put Moore in the "hole" in the Fort Leavenworth disciplinary barracks. The "hole" was a small dark cell used for solitary confinement. Moore was manacled nine hours a day, in standing posture, to the bars of the "hole," and at the end of each nine hours his shackles were unlocked and he fell exhausted to the cement floor. All this, it was held, was due and fit punishment for a coward and a slacker.

And while Howard Moore was chained to the dungeon bars in the black "hole" of Leavenworth as a coward, word came to the prison that he had been awarded a Carnegie medal for bravery in rescuing a woman from drowning at the risk of his own life. From irons to irony!

So we sat around and swapped experiences of those dark days twenty-two years ago. And we took an accounting, and we found that some in our ranks had changed their views and had fallen out. These few, we learned, now regarded war as a necessary evil to attain certain good ends—"you have to break a lot of eggs to make an omelet."

Those of us who had not changed in our opposition to war found our most articulate spokesman in another guest who was present, Dr. Evan Thomas, also a veteran of the "hole" in Leavenworth.

Dr. Thomas told us that in the past decade he also had been troubled about the egg-breaking theory. Some wars, he had almost decided, were worth fighting to preserve certain ideals or to advance certain utopian programs. And then he had discovered this: that every nation which had endorsed war as an instrument to further idealism had destroyed the very ideals in whose name war was waged. He had found that the institution of war created its own ethics, corrosive, destructive ethics

*Reprinted by special permission of the New York *Post* from "As the Crow Flies," by Ernest L. Meyer, January 8, 1940.

(*Continued on page* 32)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXV MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1940 No. 2

THE GODLY MAN

If I see a man living out of an inner spring of inflexible right and pliant pity; if he refuses the color of the low world around him; if his eye flashes with scorn at mean and impure things which are a jest to others; if high examples of honor and self-sacrifice bring the flush of sympathy upon his cheek; if in his sphere of rule he plainly obeys a trust instead of enforcing an arbitrary will, and in his service takes his yoke without a groan—I shall not pry into his closet or ask about his creed, but own him at once as a godly man. —*James Martineau*

PEACE IN PALESTINE

It is not very often that war brings peace. But that is precisely what seems to have happened in Palestine. For years, now, hostility has been raging between Jews and Arabs in the Holy Land. In the period just before the outbreak of the war in Europe, violence and bloodshed were the order of the day, and efforts at settlement were based on the irreconcilability of the two contending elements of the population. Now fighting has suddenly ceased. Arabs and Jews are no longer enemies but friends. Reports are coming through to the effect that Arab ladies are now shopping freely in the Jewish town of Tel-Aviv, that Jews and Arabs are mingling together in cafés, and that members of both races are being received without trouble in the hospitals of the country. A Scotch missionary expresses his astonishment at seeing Arabs embracing a Jew who when last seen was armed to the teeth for self-protection. A lovely story, recently appearing in the press dispatches, has to do with a concert given by the Jewish symphony orchestra for the benefit of Arab relief funds. Everybody on both sides is hoping that this ending of hostilities may be permanent, and that Jews and Arabs may henceforth join hands and hearts for the common service of Palestine, their common country. UNITY joins in this hope. But we must still be realistic enough to note that this reconciliation, as a war phenomenon, springs fundamentally from a war passion—namely, fear and hate of a common enemy. Nothing so quickly ends dissension anywhere as the presence of the foe. What will happen when this foe is no longer threatening? Will the Jews and Arabs in Palestine go on forgetting their differences? We would say that this depends on Britain, and Britain's policy after the war. If this policy is anything like the policy after the last war, there will be new trouble and plenty. But perhaps the Empire will have learned a lesson, especially as friendship for England is now as definite in Zion and Arabia as hostility to Germany.

INCREASE AND MULTIPLY

This drive for children, for babies, for boy babies, in the Reich, has a shamelessness about it that is intolerable. Its worst feature, it seems to us, is its undisguised insistence that humans breed to the sheer end of providing cannon-fodder for war. Is that what we have children for—to supply raw material for the military machine? If so, then are we back in the horrid days of Moloch when women brought their first-born and laid them in the flaming jaws of this monstrous god. Nay, we are worse than these ancient worshippers whose religion thus dictated human sacrifice, for now we offer up not merely the first-born but *all* the male children, and must always keep on supplying more. Then there is the prostitution of this sacred function of childbearing to the mere animalism of the fleshly process of generation. After aeons of slow evolution, we thought we had come to the time when the conception of a child had something to do with the love of the parents, one for another. A child was the crowning consummation of the union not so much of two bodies as of two hearts. But in Germany all this spiritual aspect of parenthood is cast aside. Humans must increase and multiply like pigs in the sty or kine in the pasture. Already have the bonds of marriage been overleaped. Young men and women are deliberately encouraged to consort together—soldiers are all but instructed to leave their seed behind as they march away to the front—and the government promises to care for the child and to honor the mother. Polygamy is obviously the next step—or perhaps already this stage has been passed in a wholesale return to promiscuity. It may seem blasphemous to seek any amusement in this situation, yet must one smile at a joke recently going the rounds of the Nazi press: a Colonel approaches a healthy looking soldier, and cries, "You seem to be a fine chap. Have you any children?" "Yes, Herr Colonel, one boy." "For shame! Such a strong man, and only one child! How long have you been married?" "Two months, Herr Colonel." And then, of course, there is the supreme joke of all—Hitler a childless bachelor!

BUT THEY DON'T INCREASE AND MULTIPLY

A flood of light is shed on this whole business of begetting children at any cost and in any way by the statistics of birthrates in this age of mutual slaughter. Thus, the drop in the birthrate in Germany is amazing —from 27.0 births per 1,000 of population before the last war to 14.8 in 1938. This brings the German figure down almost to the British level, which has dropped from 24.3 to 14.2. At the same time France's birthrate has gained just a little, rising from 18.1 in 1911-13 to 19.0 in 1938. Other figures, which we find in the new *World Almanac,* are: the United States, 25.1 births per 1,000 of population in 1911-13, and 17.9 in 1938; Italy, 31.7 to 19.3; Japan, 34.9 to 30.6. Commenting upon these figures, Mr. Jay Franklin, accomplished Washington correspondent, finds in them an explanation of the peculiar nature of this war—why there is no large-scale fighting with enormous losses, as in the last war. He suggests that human life has now become so precious a commodity in the military scale of values that "generals can no longer afford, even professionally, to hurl vast groups of men against barbed wire and on machine guns, let alone the powerfully fortified positions on the Western Front." Only Russia, apparently, for which no birth figures are available, can still throw men away like scattered grain! Whether Mr. Franklin's speculation is true or not, the near future will reveal. Meanwhile, we have a little speculation of our own—namely, that in this situation we have evidence of something like a universal strike against war. Men and women are tired of raising children, only to have them butchered like pigs by the war-machine. Centuries ago, Euripides imagined this possibility in one of his great dramas, only the women of his day had not at hand the effective method of birth control. The modern birth rate began to fall before the World War. Its swift acceleration would seem to indicate that humans are taking matters into their own hands and may well end war by stopping the supply of flesh-and-blood munitions.

"DON'T CHEER!"

In the naval battle of Santiago, in the Spanish-American War, there occurred a certain famous episode on the *S. S. Texas.* The last Spanish ship had been driven ashore in flames, and the American sailors began to acclaim their victory. But Captain Phillips, of the *Texas,* quieted his men. "Don't cheer," he said, "the poor fellows are dying." That is the way we feel about the Communists these days. We cannot feel any joy over the discomfiture, humiliation, disgrace which have befallen these men and women who have put their trust in Moscow. For the Communist leaders and certain members of the Party who are Stalin's hirelings, and who change their convictions (so-called) to match the changing Party line—the *Daily Worker* crowd and others of like ilk—for these we have nothing but contempt. They know exactly what they are doing, and at what price. But we are thinking rather of the great majority of the Communist rank-and-file, young men and women, workers most of them, who have enlisted in this cause as they might have espoused a religion. These persons are essentially idealistic and sacrificial in character. They have never had anything in life, and the Russian revolution suddenly opened out to them as a dream come true. Victimized by the most shameful propaganda in the world—which is still going on!—they believed every good thing that was told of the Soviets and every bad thing that was told of their enemies. And they gave everything they had to the Party—their wages, their hours of play, their home allegiances, *everything.* And when the crash came, they had nothing left. The revolution was the only world they possessed. Outside of Russia and its interests, they knew nothing, cared nothing. What could they do, therefore, in this hour of distress, but cling the faster to the wreckage of a ship just blown to bits? We understand these Communists, and pity them. They are faithful when there is nothing any longer in which to have faith, because not otherwise can they live. Which means that our business, in this crisis, is not to condemn them, least of all to ridicule them, but to help and comfort them! Within their hearts remains a precious store of idealism, which must be conserved for the future of mankind.

THE DIVERSION ALIBI

There is a type of thought in this country which is intellectually disgraceful, and yet on occasion effective. For example, you denounce the Versailles Treaty for what everybody knows it was—a hideously unjust and vengeful document. Then sooner or later somebody says: But look at the kind of treaty which Germany would have written had she won the war; or, look at the kind of treaty which Germany actually did write at Brest-Litovsk. As though one wrong justified another! Another example! You talk about the misery of the Jewish refugees in Germany, or the starving Finns driven from their homes by bombing Russians. And somebody promptly says: But look at the starving unemployed in Cleveland, or the wretched sharecroppers in the South. As though starvation in America justified starvation abroad, or we could not take care of the one group (abroad) without neglecting the other group (at home!). Again, you speak of the horrors of oppression in Soviet Russia. And at once somebody exclaims: But look at the horrors of oppression in India. As though our very revulsion at British rule in India did not make inevitable a similar revulsion at Stalin's rule in Moscow! What we have here, of course, is not sincere conviction or honest argument, but a deliberate trick to evade an issue. A certain indictment is known to be unanswerable. So, instead of attempting to answer it, the person hit by the indictment quickly turns to something else in an attempt to

distract attention and divert argument, as a pickpocket will shout "fire," the more successfully to ply his trade. There is no defense, for instance, of the Versailles Treaty—so begin to talk about Brest-Litovsk! You do not like Jews or Finns whose misery is patent—so point to the unemployed in Cleveland and elsewhere! The cruelty of the Russian dictatorship can no longer be denied—so throw out a smoke-screen of cruel tales from some other part of the world! This trick used to be more effective than it is today. People are beginning to see and expose "the diversion alibi," as we like to call it. What is basic here, if we would not be misled, is the recognition of principles—that there is a universal aspect of good and bad. If Brest-Litovsk is wrong, so also is Versailles. If starvation is terrible in Cleveland, equally terrible is starvation in Helsinki. And if British rule in India is cruel, by the same token is Communist rule in Russia more cruel. Play the game straight—that's the rule!

BEAVERS AND MEN

Here is an interesting story from Connecticut! It seems that a colony of beavers, building a dam according to their instincts, had created a flood hazard in a certain town. Mr. Pallotti, Attorney General, was asked by the State Highway Department if it had a legal right to destroy the dam erected by these busy animals. The Attorney General ruled that it had—that animal rights, like human rights, must yield to the state under the law of eminent domain. But he pointed out, in the case of humans just compensation is provided for arbitrary state action of this kind. On the same principle, the beaver should be compensated. So Mr. Pallotti ordered that these animals should be removed, "without injury or destruction," to another home "where they would be able to perform and exercise their natural skill and ability." As we read this tale, we found ourselves almost immediately thinking of the W.P.A. and many of its projects. The coincidence surprised us at first, and then we began to see a real connection. What is the W.P.A. but an attempt to do for men what the Attorney General of Connecticut declared must be done for beavers? Here were these little animals thrown out of work, just as hundreds of thousands of workers are on occasion left without employment. The state might have left them to fend for themselves as best they could, as society used to do in the case of the unemployed workers in times of business depression. Or it might have fed them, as kindly souls feed the birds in winter, and as society feeds the unemployed for charity's sweet sake. But what the state did do for the beavers was to establish them in places "where they would be able to perform and exercise their natural skill and ability." Which is precisely what our government has been doing in supplementing public relief with work projects which would enable unemployed men and women to support themselves by working at their own arts and crafts—diggers to dig, builders to build, writers to write, actors to act, and so on! The beaver story is a parable of the New Deal's philosophy and program. The pity of it is that myriads of so-called intelligent and undoubtedly kindly people see the wisdom of this philosophy and policy in the case of beavers, but deny it utterly in the case of men. When shall we treat human beings as well as we treat animals?

Jottings

Nofrontier News Service reports that payments every month toward the costs of the war are being levied on German churches. Each church or diocese must pay in proportion to its budget and membership. "Money given to the churches for religious, educational and charitable purposes is now being used for the manufacture of bombing planes and U-boats." We wonder what American churches would do if they received orders of this kind. Would they resist—or would they begin to talk about "a holy war"?

Tell it not to the Bund, whisper it not to Father Coughlin—but, the latest and most authoritative biography of Christopher Columbus declares, on the basis of all the evidence available, that the discoverer of America was probably a Jew.

"The Germans have been brought up in the belief that Great Britain is their hereditary enemy. Nothing but a sound thrashing will convince them of their error."—Field-Marshal Lord Milne.

Behold, brethren—a new psychology! *The way to convince a person that you are not his enemy is to give him a sound thrashing.* Where did this psychology come from? The last war??

Britain has decided not to publish her budget estimates for the support of this war. Is this because there are now no numerals large enough to present these estimates?

A Brooklyn Negro has recently been sentenced to two years and a half in prison for "selling magic." This is bad news for not a few physicians and clergymen, and for most politicians.

In a newspaper account of a circus fire, it was reported that a collision between an automobile and an elephant resulted in "no damage to the animal." We wonder what happened to the automobile!

J. H. H.

The Way to Preserve Liberty

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH

"We have been brought to observe in these last several years," Archibald MacLeish remarks, "that government by the people's representatives, whatever else it may or may not be, is the one government of which history has record under which the people's liberties have been secure."

That is a true saying and good enough to justify democracy, for such it is. Democracy has really looked after its own. And its own is, as a matter of fact, the individual. The cardinal principle which distinguishes democracy is belief in man and the rights of man. The rights, that is, of a man, each separate man. His first requirement is liberty.

Liberty is personal, and it is nothing else. When this country was being born, the idea that pushed everything else out of the center was faith in man. Not even faith in God was so strongly stressed as the humanistic proposition that all things that were made or to be made were for man and his enjoyment of them in happiness and security.

With this as a foundation it must follow that a man has a right to be himself without let or hindrance. That is man's right to be free. What disturbs one more than the behavior in Europe by the totalitarians is the undemocratic behavior of many people at home.

There is thinly veiled evidence that many men do not believe in man, or for that matter in a man. I find in an American university president's annual report something which impresses me because the institution has been one of the great citadels of liberalism.

"In truth the term democratic, used in a realistic sense," he says, "includes not all of the people but only those effectives who contribute to democratic processes. Neither inspiration nor guidance is to be found in the uninformed opinions and irrational acts of the ignorant. While the public schools regard it as their very real and immediate business to train all students for the general purpose of democratic living, higher education is designed to train those with special aptitudes and talents who are also likely to assist in the vital business of making democracy work."

This seems to me essentially a teaching of aristocracy; certainly it is a curious position for one to take—if words mean what they mean—that not all the people can be democratic and that "special aptitudes" are essential to make democracy work. For the three things which are in every democracy are liberty, equality, and fraternity, and these are native desires of all men. To teach these things and to live these things does not require higher academic training. There are no problems of democracy that call for university specialization in order to realize their fulfillment, though it is to be expected that the finer mentality of men of special aptitudes will make for the richer expression of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The intellectually superior will reach heights and depths denied the plain man, but they may not make the favored one more democratic. Indeed, men are sometimes educated away from the democratic habit and spirit of living, just as there are many examples of persons whose depth and refinement of culture instead of relating them more closely to their neighbors, actually separate them.

That is what seems insinuated into this university report.

It is true, "democracy is not a self-regulating, automatic force"; it is true that the means to "happy and useful coöperative living" should be kept in a revisionary state, with the Government sensitive to new problems thrust upon the world by invention, increasing population, and new political and social ideas. But does this require expert knowledge for the living of a democratic life?

A man may be simple, formally uneducated, and yet be quick to sense a false doctrine or a wrong practice that violates the essential justice of the innate demand for liberty, equality, and fraternity. In other words, it is not necessary that sociological, economic, or any kind of specialists lead the country, but that each man follow with determination and persistency that something inside him which tells him what is true to his being and respectful of his rights.

One finds in Julius Seelye Bixler's excellent new book, *Religion for Free Minds,* the following: "To understand what is meant today by even such familiar words as liberty, equality, and fraternity we must call upon those whose training has made them familiar with the special problems of a mechanized, industrialized age." One asks what are these peculiar problems? Dr. Bixler does not specify here, and proceeds: "Yet even the layman can see the direction in which we should move. Political democracy, if it is to realize its chosen end of freedom, must be supplemented by economic democracy. To the right to vote must be added the right to a job. To freedom of speech and assembly must be added the rights of the worker to a share in the control of his means of livelihood." Everybody knows that is true, and no university education is necessary to enable one to see it is true. We disagree profoundly and assertively that "not all the people" but only the "effectives" are in, of, and by democracy. To believe such a doctrine is to cut the heart out of democracy and to raise up those who would lord it over the multitudes as I suspect a good many untrue Americans are ready to do.

When they said at the beginning of this nation that faith in man was the only necessary faith, and some went so far as to dispense altogether with faith in God in the traditional sense of both the Jewish and the Christian religions, they meant all men, good, bad, and indifferent. It was the fathers' major doctrine that man could be trusted to grow in understanding and character. That was Jefferson's idea. Do some now give up the belief? The liberty of which Mr. MacLeish writes eloquently will be ours only as long as "I believe in man" is honestly accepted and uncompromisingly lived.

Democracy

In very truth we shall be free
When for all men as for ourselves
Freedom we seek. On lesser terms
No private good can be secure.
For we are one in all that makes
Us man. One in our being's source.
One in our common need. And one
In power to give and to receive
The highest good.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Church and Child

MAY STRANATHAN

The assumption of the church, whether in Germany, Spain, Mexico, or Russia, that there are no grounds for criticism of it by the state, that such criticism is the result of paganism or inability to recognize real religion when it sees it, as discussed by Henry B. Washburn in the July *Atlantic,* recalled to me some questions which were implanted in my mind as a child and to which I have found no answers.

One of these questions relates to public prayer, which seemed to me a direct contradiction of the command of the supposed founder of Christianity as it is practised today. I mean the command that praying should not be done on street corners or in synagogues to be seen or heard of men, but in secret, "and thy father which heareth in secret shall reward thee openly." When I used to attend meetings for young people of the church, much effort was spent trying to induce boys and girls to pray openly at these meetings. This seemed to me, and seems so still, a profanation of "the soul's sincere desire," and also in extremely bad taste.

Another practice common to Christians is that of going to law with their fellows, even with members of their own denomination, over church rights and properties, and in the settlement of private disputes. A child could not help noting the discrepancy in such actions with the teaching of the person whom the church professes to regard as one whose word is not to be questioned, but obeyed. Does not this include the command to give your cloak also to him who would sue you at the law and take away your coat, and to go twain with the man who compels you to go a mile with him? The good bishop who gave the rest of his silverware to Jean Valjean, when the officer brought him back for stealing a part, is admired but he is not emulated.

I can understand how these questions might be debatable from the standpoint of one who is not a Christian, but surely they are not debatable by those who profess to believe the man who gave them to be perfect in wisdom and supreme in authority. True, if the command relating to the law were to be obeyed without exception, there would be a great change in our governments. Lawyers by the thousands would be forced to join the ranks of the unemployed, and even justices of the Supreme Court might try to get jobs on the W. P. A. But perhaps the man who gave the command saw the need of a radical change in the governments of the world. Such changes have not taken place, but things are going on much the same old way as before the dawn of Christianity. Perhaps the world is not growing brighter and better so fast as it should.

My maternal grandfather was a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination, now for the most part reunited with the Presbyterian Church. He was a speaker of the old style of oratory, a powerful expositor of the scheme of redemption. I well remember how he used to thunder forth the doctrine of the "Triune God, one in substance, three in person," putting into it all he could of mystery, solemnity, and authority. Mixed with that picture in my childish mind was that of the triple-headed Cerberus who guarded the entrance to the domain of Pluto, of which I read in my Greek mythology. Never since have I been able to separate the two images in my mind. I did not care to have any close relations with either of them. The thought of having to meet a three-headed creature quite spoiled any desire I might have had to enter either the heaven of the Christians or the dark realm of the Greek shades.

Coming across in the *American Mercury* the fine sonnet by Sara Henderson Hay about the child on the beach, clutching in his hand the pebble of his soul, "His small charm against infinity," I am reminded of my own childish fancy of my soul as a pebble. I have since found that others as children had the same idea about their souls. On the wall of our sitting room, as we then called it, there hung over the mantelpiece a large colored picture, "Passages of the River Jordan." This river wound in serpentine fashion from the upper northeast corner to the lower southwest corner, where it flowed into the Dead Sea. At intervals along its course were scenes from the Old Testament. The one I remember best showed the Hebrews in a hand-to-hand tussle with the wicked heathen who objected to their going through the land on their way to capturing the city of the Jebusites. This river represented to me the river of the water of life spoken of in the Book of Revelation. I pictured myself sitting on its bank under the palm tree in the secluded spot in the southwest corner, cooling my bare feet in the water and watching my soul as it lay at rest, a pure white pebble under the crystal stream. This suburban corner was my heaven, far from the glaring streets of gold, the voices of the angel choir, and the vision of the Lamb sitting on his throne in the public square, a terrifying being with his seven horns and seven eyes.

The blood atonement was to me, from my earliest recollection, a stumbling block as it was to the Jews, and foolishness as it was to the Greeks, though I never dared express such thoughts, not only from fear of shocking my elders but also because I was scared of hellfire. For this doctrine was still preached in those days, though with the ministerial assurance that no fire could cause such agony as that of the guilty conscience of one who rejected so great a salvation offered him. To me the entire plan of salvation seemed far-fetched and overdrastic, too theatrically designed to exploit the power of the Almighty at the expense of all other actors. Today it is still a wonder to me that so many of those who hold out for a planned salvation for the next world reject the idea of a planned salvation for this world, preferring to trust to the rugged individualism of humans whom they believe unable to raise themselves from sin and its wages.

My mother used to read to her children stories from the Old Testament on Sunday afternoons. Stories about Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Abraham and Lot, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his brethren, Samson and the Philistines, Job and his comforters, David and Goliath, Ahab and Jezebel, Ruth and Naomi, Elijah and the prophets of Baal (toward whom I thought Elijah rude, vindictive, and bloodthirsty), of the young Absalom hung up by the hair, of the speed fiend Jehu, and, best of all, of the friendship of David and Jonathan against the background of the dark enmity of Saul. These stories were read with no attempt to impress

a moral lesson. In Sunday school we also had lessons from the New Testament, each with a moral attached, whether it fitted or not, and which did not help my liking for the tales. The New Testament for the most part has remained tiresome to me to this day, compared with the Old Testament, which has never lost its fascination. It was with satisfaction I read lately this opinion of the late Paul Elmer More: "The balanced spirit of Erasmus is more at work among us today than that of the dogmatic and reforming Luther, and Cicero's philosophy is more in the hearts of men you meet in the street than is the theology of St. Paul."

As a child the thought of God pressed upon me as a being vain and self-centered and possessed of but one purpose—to receive the everlasting praise of those he had created. It was with delighted astonishment that I heard in my early life an elderly minister declare from the pulpit, as he finished reading one of the laudatory Psalms, that he would think the constant praise of the Almighty would become boresome to him, but he supposed it was not the case since the Bible was so full of it. Another thing which grated on my sense of justice and propriety was the favoritism shown to the Jews, though I can now see no reason any other people should envy them the distinction that seems to have brought upon them so much wretchedness without any compensatory blessings from the Almighty. Being the pet of the teacher or of the parent is sure to create a prejudice against one, and the less said about it the better for all concerned.

When I went to Sunday school there were no specially trained teachers, but anyone was pressed into service to instruct the young. I sometimes wonder if today the results are much better. Not long ago a young man from the Moody Bible Institute came to our town to take charge of the children's meetings during an attempted revival of religion. A five-year-old girl, a faithful attendant at these meetings, one morning perched herself on the sill of an open upstairs window in our home, and leaned against the screen. When asked to move to a less dangerous place, she replied with childish assurance, "If I do fall out and get killed, Jesus can make me come to life again. Mr. Ephah told us so." She then sang for us a song she had learned at Sunday school:

Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen as they fall,
They are all for Jesus,
He will get them all.

This showed the influence even among the little ones of Bruce Barton's presentation of the Master as a superman in the business world. I see by a late paper that honesty is to be taught in the public schools of Pittsburgh, which suggests the question whether the church is not neglecting such teaching for trivial and unimportant matters.

To quote Mr. Washburn: "Can anyone read the pagan and ignorant strictures on the use in Christian worship of foolish, coarse, cruel, and radically anti-Christian passages of the Old Testament without being smitten with the thought that there is much in what the critics say?" And again when he says: "While an appreciable number of the population may honestly think that even the highest type of Christianity is superstitious, enervating nonsense, and therefore ripe for destruction, the bulk of the people are much simpler and much more direct in their reasoning. Many of them care little about the essential rightness or wrongness of a particular religion; they merely ask what is my religion doing for me; what sort of a man does my neighbor's religion make him; what effect has the church on personal conduct, on social justice, on international relationships?"

Germany: The Old Fatherland

HELEN KIMBERLY McELHONE

This is not a fairy tale, though it comes from a country once tingling with them, a country of truth and imagination, music and poetry, and many essentials to happiness. It was a human country and, like all others, composed of elements both good and bad. And here, long ago, the outside world found something new in the human race, a gentleman and a Christian! A man truly gentle, and a Christian leading a truly Christlike life.

It was in Oberammergau, a village so toylike that a modern warplane pilot might have swooped down in a bombless way, put it in his pocket, and set it down wherever his dictator directed, no noise and no expense of young lives. It must have been a backward age when birds alone had the freedom of the skies!

In one of the houses, a potter was shaping the clay. What was he thinking, turning his wheel so quietly? This is a part of a song our Longfellow put into words for him:

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race
Of every tongue, of every place,
  Caucasian, Coptic or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth
  And made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! what is begun
At daybreak, must at dark be done.
  Tomorrow will be another day;
Tomorrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame
And stamp with honor or with shame
  These vessels made with clay!

On short acquaintance, this potter proved his philosophy, his courage, his selflessness and his nobility. There was no doubt that he was living a Christlike life—it was his objective, the work for which he was born, to play and live the life of Christ in the great Passion Play performed every ten years by the people of this village. And in preparation for this, in the meantime, the entire village lived. We no longer wonder at the rare atmosphere noticed by the stranger who enters this gemlike place, hidden among the quiet hills of an old Fatherland. Christ, the carpenter, remembered and worshipped for nearly two thousand years; Anton Lang, the potter, taking the part of Christ in a Passion Play that drew thousands of people from all countries, to a little spot that might have become the nucleus of a true Holy Land! Does this mean nothing to a world groping in darkness, or to lands wallowing in useless bloodshed? Do we owe no debt to a country for things that cannot die?

What has befallen Parsifal? That young searcher for the Holy Grail? Are music lovers still drawn to that other little town, Beireuth, made famous by the operas of Wagner? What a picture of international friendliness and respect, where every home was filled with strangers, hobnobbing in all the tongues of Babel. Eager people, starting out in the morning, some in evening dress, for an opera that lasted all day. A long line, like a pilgrimage, making its way up the hill and over meadows where the cows were grazing, to the barren-looking Opera House devoted to the works of one man. Suddenly come the clank and glitter of the royal equipage, and royalty, after friendly greetings on every hand, stands at attention and the chatter is hushed, as the trumpeters in the belfry tower sound the warning that the performance is about to begin. The interior is still and colorless, no distracting decorations, no one coming in late, no boxes at the sides, two only at the back, one, on this particular day, occupied by Frau Wagner, friends and family, the other by royalty. Not a whisper anywhere! Here lived and worked a man whose genius drew music lovers across seas and over continents, and now, more than a hundred years after his birth, his Parsifal still comes to our Metropolitan Opera House, and an all-Wagner program to Carnegie Hall. A few months ago, over a coast-to-coast network, came the news, amid war wailings, that our country's choice today of the world's greatest composer is Beethoven! He created the music to which we, two hundred years later, still love to listen, and of which he at the last could not hear a note! Are we entirely free from international debt?

This is an attempt to show one side of Germany which we knew long ago and still love, the side that has had nothing to do with the world's present difficulties. The other is not Germany. We abhor its methods. One man cannot be his whole country, be it Germany, Italy, France, England, Russia, or America.

Must we listen to the old fogy dotards of every country who still try to hoodwink us into the belief "war has always been," "war must always be," "war alone can make brave, strong men," "I wish I had another son to give," and all such twaddle? We have seen those boys, as they came or were brought directly from the trenches, where they had been made strong and brave in battle! Let the war lords sit in safety, gloating over geographical maps of possessions, for which they barter the only possible hope of all countries,—Youth! What price possessions?

The Youth of the world is awakening from the false traditional nightmare of war. They have discovered that the man who gives himself voluntarily to be killed for his country, is not always a hero, and the lad, about to be conscripted, who says: "You can shoot me if you will, but you can't make me go to war!" is not a coward.

If we have known a real Fatherland, no matter where, let us hark back to the right side, and, even amid a chaotic confusion of minds, cling to those essentials of life that cannot be destroyed. And he who has no God to say a "thank you" to, would do well to take Voltaire's advice and invent one.

Trumpets on New Horizons

The Carpenter

There's something fine in using tools.
It means a steady eye and hand.
It means that there's a place for rules
That common men can understand.

Life's not the chaos that it seems.
With all its change there's something true.
The square and plumb are more than dreams;
There is a line to which to hew.

The truth is that by which man lives,
However dimly he may see.
And what a thrill of light it gives,
That Christ a carpenter should be.

ARDEN MURDOCK ROCKWOOD.

Again, Today

There was a man who owned a clothing store
In old Berlin, and he was kind they tell.
His boys were manly, and his wife a belle.
The fruit of joy was good, and he asked no more.
Vom Roth was killed. Hadn't heard that name before
And yet they burned him out and with a yell
Destroyed him, put his boys into a cell.
He was a Jew. Is mercy, any more?

There was a Man who walked in Galilee;
His teaching was, that we love everyone.
They sneered at Him and so their hatred grew.
His cross stands on a hill for all to see.
The world is rocked again, and dark is the sun,
For he's crucified today, the Christ—a Jew.

GRACE MILDRED OLSEN,

For Hearts That Are Free!

I only pity those who do not know
The simple things in life that richly bless,
The homely virtues bringing happiness
Or understanding that can only grow
By mingling where the crowds of people go.
I pity those who ignorantly stress
The polished imitations that impress—
Who stupidly kowtow to gaudy show!

Thank God for souls whose minds do not depend
On Fashion's dictum—what to hear or read;
With whom to join the right Fraternity!
And bless those folks whose pleasures do not end
In massing wealth to swell the ego's greed;
Thank God for men whose heads and hearts are free!

BEULAH M. SWEETSER.

War Victim

A baby's feet and legs in slimy mud,
A peasant's hat which hides a battered shape
And dark, encircling pool of baby's blood,
Which leaves a horror-stricken world agape.

CHARLES JOSEPH RIDER.

Double-Cross

Peoples,
Led by blind fools,
Who destroy their neighbors,
Will learn, too late, they are themselves
Destroyed!

MADGE CUMMINGS BLAKE.

Chaos in Conquered Poland

DEVERE ALLEN*

Straight from tormented Warsaw, her face grim as she recounted the sufferings of the people but lighted with occasional appreciation as she told of unexpected kindnesses shown by exceptional Germans, a Jewish professional woman, highly educated and trained in the analysis of social problems, has given me an up-to-date, first-hand report that shows what war and prejudice can do to civilian populations.

She is anything but a sensationalist. Yet her charges against the Nazis include the exercise of police power for their own benefit by individual soldiers, the terrorization of the Jewish residents and refugees, and the withholding of funds by the official Nazi banks from Jews to whom the funds have been sent by individuals and relief committees in the United States. In that part of former Poland conquered by the Red Army, she finds a mixture of kindliness shown to many of the Jews, and harsh severity toward radical labor and political leaders out of step with the new Stalinite "line."

"Every Nazi in the territory taken by Germany from Poland," she says, "is a big boss in his own sight, and uses his power, especially over the terrorized Jewish people, to promote his own gratification, his own sense of power, and his own financial profit, as well as the interests of the Nazi state." At the whim or command of any Nazi soldier, a Jew must stop whatever he may be doing, and engage in whatever dirty or difficult work the new Nazi aristocrats want to dodge.

Taking from her pocket a white arm band with a symbolic six-pointed star, she asserted that in Warsaw and Krakow every Jew is required to wear this emblem of his race. But there are two parts of the invaded territory: one in which the Jews are to be settled with Krakow as its capital, and the other for Germans, especially for Germans being brought by the thousands out of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. In the latter part, Jews are also forced to wear a yellow breastpiece which reaches around behind them, so they can always be identified at a distance from front or rear.

In certain towns, Jewish women have adopted the custom of carrying dry scrub-rags in their handbags, for they know that they may be called upon at any moment to scrub the floor of some apartment they are passing by, and if they cannot provide a rag, they may have to use their coats.

Confronted with a situation in Warsaw which, if it did not go this far, nevertheless compelled any Jew to work at the bidding of any Nazi, the Jewish community sought to evidence its willingness to coöperate in hard labor, if under proper coördination, by volunteering to provide 800 workers every day, to be selected by their committee. It was agreed by the Nazis in accepting this offer that the individual commands would cease, but they did not.

Worst of all in some ways is the degree to which the limiting of funds and the inspection of amounts in the possession of families afford an opportunity for private rackets. When Jews have savings, these must be deposited in a Nazi bank, with the exception of 2,000 zlotys, which is the maximum you can keep. From the deposited funds you can draw and spend from 250 to 400 zlotys per month per family. Four hundred zlotys is about 60 dollars normally, but worth now about one-third of that. A Nazi soldier walks into a Jewish home. He asks to be shown all the funds. There may have been five hundred zlotys, only a fourth of the amount allowed out of the bank. He complains that it is too much, says he must take a hundred zlotys, and takes two hundred. Can the housewife safely go and enter a protest?

There is food in the markets, but only for the well-to-do. Bread, sugar, and salt are rationed; four pounds of bread a week, a little salt; prices for these are normal. But as for other foodstuffs, prices are sky-high and the majority are so poor they cannot obtain as much as their ration cards entitle them to. Before the war, for example, butter was at most four zlotys a kilogram; now, it is 14; tea, a popular beverage, has soared to 100 zlotys per kilo and even at that price is hard to get because the Germans have requisitioned tea and coffee for themselves.

Startling, but vouched for by this well-informed observer—as well as by others I have talked with, who have recently come out of Poland—is the refusal of the Nazis to pay money to individuals which has been sent to them by generous persons or organizations in America. This will come as a shock, it may be feared, both to those who have already sent relief money and those who may wish to do so in the future. Unless, that is, they too have been notified by the Nazis that the money is being returned to them—something which is a closed book to the Polish people, who only know they do not get the funds. What happens is this: the money has to pass through the hands of the Nazi banks. The persons to whom money has been sent are called to the bank, made to fill out forms of acknowledgment, and sent away. Later they receive formal notice that the money cannot be paid. Whether it is sent back to America or appropriated by the Nazis, the supposed recipients in Poland cannot tell. "Surely," I commented, eager to press the point and not have any misunderstanding on so critical a question, "this happens to simply a few. Most people get the money sent them." "On the contrary," insisted this trained observer, "nobody gets it. Nobody!" Her insistence is corroborated by others.

What then can be done to aid those in such indescribable distress? Jews and Poles alike have been looking forward eagerly to the work that is expected to start soon, and may actually be under way by the time this article is in print, through the Quakers. From the first instant that news of such a possibility became known, it flashed throughout the needy areas, bringing a warm ray of new hope. The Quakers, it appears, are trusted to show no favoritism and to do a capable job. That outside help is the only answer to the problem seems unquestionable. The situation has reached a point where the needy Poles and Jews will either exist by outside help or see half their people die of want.

Nor do the Nazis feel any too safe amid the conditions that prevail, for they are fearful of contagion, chiefly of typhoid and typhus. On the street cars there is a special platform for the Nazis, who are not permitted to ride inside. In the Jewish hospitals for contagious diseases, nurses and doctors who have been called in are not permitted to go out again. Sometimes, for a hard-pressed Jewish family, disease comes as a

*Editor, *Nofrontier News Service.*

relief from persecution; when there is contagion, the Nazis keep strictly away.

That contagion has not decimated the whole population is the real miracle. Nothing has been done worth mentioning to restore the ruined buildings. Most of the residences are without window glass, over a million windows having crashed in during the bombardment, in which, one day, 700 planes dropped bombs throughout the day. Snow occasionally drifts into the windowless flats, and families huddle around fires, if they are lucky enough to have them, in inside rooms. At times during the winter the temperature has gone down to 40 below zero, Fahrenheit. There are no fats or warmth-producing foods in any quantity.

But the Nazis are proud of this, linked as it is in their minds with a great conquest. So proud are they, indeed, that organized bands of Hitler Youth have been brought into Warsaw and shown, with satisfaction, the fruits of Nazi might.

Yet if Germans dared, some of them at least, would show a kindness which, on account of the prevailing fear, is not often witnessed. Because it is none too common, what an impression it makes when encountered! A Jewish woman in Poland, for example, was walking from one town to another along the railroad tracks. She was destitute, and when she came to a German post, she went to a solder, explained her dilemma, and asked for help. The soldier gave her twenty zlotys, and said to her, "*All* the Germans are not swine!" But as she turned away, he shouted after her to impress his companions—for the solders have been expressly ordered to shout at and abuse and humiliate the Jews on every occasion—"Get on with you, you pig!"

Jews who have suffered the bitterest persecutions do not hesitate to credit Germans with decent attitudes, and even unusual courtesies demanding genuine courage, when these are found. But it is in Germany itself, rather than conquered Poland, that they are discovered as a rule. Yet they affect the refugees and are not left out of the general picture. To a frontier town there came one day five Jews who had been permitted to leave Germany for a neighboring land. They arrived penniless because no money is allowed to refugees going out. To their dismay, they found it necessary to provide a total of 40 marks for the five, a contingency they had not anticipated, for German exit fees—of which refugees are not warned. One of the five had a gold watch chain he had managed to take with him, carefully concealed. "We'll sell this," he said, "and we'll have enough." But it was not enough. The "Aryan" jeweller to whom they showed it could give for it only 20 marks. Then, noting their sad faces, he asked them why they so badly needed the money. They told him. To their astonishment and elation, he said, "Keep the chain. You're having trouble enough. I will give you the 40 marks, and some day you will come across me, or someone like me, just as much in need, and *you* can help."

So my friend is not embittered and unbalanced. But she knows that such incidents do not change the general situation, and she only hopes that some effective, large-scale assistance can come soon to those she has left behind in hungering, humiliated Warsaw. It will have to come soon or thousands will be done for.

But what about the Russian part of Poland? The Soviets, although tightening up recently, were far more generous toward Jews at the time of the conquest than were the Nazis. They permitted some 200,000 Jews to come out of the German section into the Russian, saw that they got jobs, and helped them to establish their families. It is toward political leaders of parties not taking the Stalinite "line" that their harshness appears to be directed; these have not been executed, as were the wealthier landholders in some cases, but a number have been arrested, thrown into prison, and held incommunicado. About the places of their imprisonment, or the nature or extent of their confinement, their families can learn little or nothing.

Some of these men are widely-known, international figures in various sections of the labor movement, generally on the left. Among them are such leaders as Heinrich Erlich, a member of the Executive of the Labor and Socialist (Second) International, who not long ago lectured widely in the United States before all sorts of audiences; Victor Alter, equally respected, who was taken into custody at Kovel; and M. Mastek, president of the Railwaymen's Union of Poland.

From various sources it appears that other prisoners are Anna Rosenthal, a woman more than sixty years of age, who was once sentenced to death by the Czar; Hersh Himmelfarb, head of Polish needle workers; Shoul Goldman, a councilman of Bialystok; Leib Weinstein, secretary of the Polish Bund in Vilna; Joseph Teitel, a Vilna councilman; S. Zelesnikow, another Vilna councilman, who was once sentenced to Siberia; and several others.

The extraordinary similarity between Nazi and Communist acts nowadays is shown by the fact that in the German section of Poland, the leaders of opposition parties have been imprisoned under the same rigorous conditions. Among those who, it seems, are behind bars are Rosa Eichner and Dr. Alexander Margulies, former councilmen, and an alderman, Poznanski (of Warsaw?).

Will democratic and liberal opinion in America and other parts of the world allow this sort of persecution to continue without protest? Should there not be ceaseless appeals to the Soviets and the Nazis, and especially the former, since their attitude does not seem, at least so far, to be clouded with anti-Semitism? Where are the religious organizations which have done such excellent work for Christian-Jewish relations in other fields? And where the trade unions, which have a certain natural sympathy because these arrested men are themselves noted trade unionists?

"I am not hopeless," says this tired woman from haunted Warsaw, "even in the midst of persecution and intolerance and the hideous aftermath of ruthless war. But you cannot forget what you have seen and lived through. However, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that what happens now does not depend on us; it depends on the world outside."

I assure her that the outside world will not be deaf to the suffering of the thousands who are starving and oppressed, or to the incarceration of men for nothing but their political opinions. I go away down well-lighted winter streets, along which the Brussels city fathers have thoughtfully placed great braziers filled with glowing coals, so even outdoors the tramway workers, the police, and chilled pedestrians may stop and warm themselves. I only hope I have not deceived her.

Treatment of Aliens and CO's in England

FREDERICK HANKINSON*

In the *Daily Telegraph* (London) of January 22 there was a news paragraph entitled "British Common Sense; Alien's Tribunal Praised in U. S.," and sent from New York. It ran thus:

> The New York *Times* in an article referring to the treatment by British Alien Tribunals of German and Austrian refugees in Britain wrote: "There has been no finer example of the survival of common sense and decency in wartime. The British have proceeded on the assumption, so rare in the last war, that enemy nationality does not necessarily mean unfriendliness."

This statement was very gratifying to read as I can confirm this by personal experiences. It has been my joy and privilege to befriend many of the German, Austrian, and Czechoslovakian refugees who have received hospitality in Great Britain. Some of them I had helped to come here when I was in Budapest and dealing with the Christian and non-Aryan Christians who fled there from the neighboring countries. My work also brought me in close friendly touch with the Jewish Refugee Committee and many of the Jewish applicants. Having for the last twenty years represented the Society of Friends Council for Social Service (London) and done relief work in Hungary, I had many private friends and acquaintances in Austria, Germany, and Czechoslovakia who are now in England as refugees. All had to appear before the Alien's Tribunals set up in different parts of Great Britain. For many of them personal letters were written to be presented to the Tribunal officers, and in some cases I personally attended to speak on their behalf. In every case in which I was interested, a real spirit of sympathy and understanding was shown, and a desire to help, which gave confidence and trust to the refugees.

Speaking generally, the cases came under three headings: (1) Internment in a camp (of these there have been very few cases); (2) freedom from internment but restriction to a five-mile area except with police permit to travel further; and right to seek work if approved by the Labor Exchange; and (3) freedom from all restrictions, thus being able to travel about and to seek work if approved by the Labor Exchange. Owing to our own unemployment, an alien must not take work which could be done by a British subject. Luckily, all the cases in which I was interested received class 3 rating. It is very generally felt by all the aliens here that they have received justice and good will, and the Alien's Tribunals have been praised for the conduct of the cases and the verdicts pronounced.

Two of the cases I befriended were aged Germans who, not being refugees, had resided in this country long before the Great War, and had never been naturalized as British subjects, though British in sympathy. They also came before the Alien's Tribunal. To them the most friendly spirit was shown. In two cases the presiding judge thanked me for attending and adding my personal testimony. In all cases I was able to explain that I was a Unitarian minister, and it was not necessary to explain what was meant by Unitarian.

When I recall my work in visiting Civilian Prisoner of War Camps during the Great War in connection with the Quakers Alien Emergency Committee, and befriending in their homes the wives and children of the men in the Internment Camps, I am proud to think that the present laws adopted by the Government and administered by the police are so humane, friendly, and just; and that those who are thus free are living their lives unhindered by prejudice or hatred, and have what they prize so highly—liberty, and freedom of movement and speech.

It is good to report that in all my dealings with the many cases, the officials at the Alien's Tribunals and the police handling the detailed work have shown unexpected understanding and helpfulness, and have appreciated my coöperation and also that of the various friendly organizations—whether Jewish or Christian—in our efforts to befriend "the stranger within our gates." There is widespread sympathy here in Great Britain for those who have lost their homes, their all, and often their nearest and dearest. It means much solid, hard, and, at times, sad work. There are constant telephone and personal calls, but there is a joy at my friendly "teas" when they can feel a little of our English home life. After living in Hungary for the last twenty years, I had to have a Christmas tree and it was decorated and illuminated. An interesting feature was that the decorations on the tree were really German and had been left with me nearly twenty-five years ago by a German family whom I had befriended at the outbreak of the Great War and who were repatriated. This tree gave boundless joy, and there were smiles and tears and fond remembrances as I played old carols, including the familiar "Stille Nacht" and "Der Tannenbaum." For a short time the guests were able to forget their trials and difficulties. In spite of intense suffering, there are also rare moments when a refugee hears that a dear one is alive and has escaped from Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, or Poland; or when a suitable occupation is found; or when the time comes that the name on the quota list is reached for the United States or some distant land.

It is also my privilege to befriend some of the conscientious objectors (CO's) associated with our Unitarian churches, and a few others who realize my understanding of their cases and their moral standpoint. Here again, as far as my personal experiences go, the presiding officers have shown every consideration, and also a respect for the right of conscience. Indeed, they have tried to help the young men faced with this ordeal to express their convictions and to explain their reasons for being CO's and opposed to military service. As a whole, these courts have been very fair, and their verdicts have met with approval. Only a few courts seem to have been harsh and arbitrary. Such courts and officials have been shown up in the press, and there is an appeal court for retrying cases when the CO has not been satisfied with the first decision. One Unitarian whom I accompanied told the court he had learned to be a pacifist from his home training since he was old enough to think for himself, and also from his church. The secretary of our Unitarian Peace Fellowship, the indefatigable peace worker, the Reverend Walter Long, sent a fine letter which was read aloud and seemed to make a deep impression on all present, as it stated clearly that the Unitarian churches have always stood for the right of the individual conscience and held this as something sacred. Fairness and jus-

*London Unitarian minister.

tice were the keynote of the cases in point.

It is interesting for me to look back and note the attitude toward the CO's by the Government during the Great War, and compare it with the reasonable, just, and humane way of dealing with similar cases today. During the Great War many earnest men were imprisoned as CO's, and one sees how futile and wasteful the Government's policy was at that time. Today it is good to report the greater wisdom and the respect for the right of conscience which marks the present law. During the Great War I befriended some CO's of our Unitarian churches, though it was not then considered advisable or "quite the thing" by many of my fellow ministers and worshippers. Several of such cases are today valued and honored ministers in our Unitarian churches. Some I visited in prison, and I recall one prison governor begging me in my capacity as a visiting chaplain to try to change the opinions of the man in question; but at once I told him that he asked the very thing a Unitarian dare not do, as the individual conscience must be held ever as sacred. I promised to see if the man would take work of a non-combatant nature. This proved possible, and the man went off to agriculture. The governor was interested in the friendly chat we had about the Unitarian movement, which had been like a blank to him.

The CO's of today have a very different treatment and legislation from the CO's of the Great War, who doubtless did the pioneer work which bears fruit now, for a genuine CO can get absolute exemption; or non-combatant service; or the permission to remain at his present occupation; or, if unemployed, to take up land work or forestry.

It is of interest to read what Mr. E. Brown, Minister of Labor, said in the London *Times* of January 19, in reply to a question in the House of Commons:

> One-eighth per cent of the persons registered under the Military Training Act up to the outbreak of war were provisionally registered as CO's. The corresponding figures since the outbreak of war for the registration under the National Service (armed forces) Act were 2.2 per cent for the October registration, and 2.1 per cent for the December registration.

At the present time there is an urgent call to all the members of our group of free churches here and in the United States to make the brotherhood of man a vital living faith, and let it be a watchword not on our lips only but deep down in our very souls. We must honor the men in our churches who obey the sacred voice of conscience whether it leads them to join the armed forces or to become CO's. "To thine own self be true."

On the Pacifist Front

[UNITY will publish from time to time, under this heading, such news as can be gathered about pacifists and pacifist activities in these war days. We earnestly invite our readers to send us such items of interest as may come to their attention.—*Editor.*]

XI

An editorial in the *Christian Century* refers to a sermon preached over the B.B.C. in England by Dr. Leyton Richards, famous pacifist clergyman of Carr's Lane, Birmingham, which has caused a good deal of protest:

> Strangely enough, the worst of Mr. Richards' offending seems to have been the fact that, after praying for men in uniform, he prayed also "for those with a wider allegiance." The idea that there can be a wider allegiance in time of war than that to the state has turned loose the objectors. The B.B.C., be it said to its honor, is standing by Mr. Richards unflinchingly. It announces that it chose his sermon topic, "Christ Triumphant," approved the script of his service, and states that, so far as the pacifist issue is concerned, "We consider he held the scales very evenly." Such a position taken by a government agency under present circumstances is greatly to Britain's credit.

The New York *Herald-Tribune* publishes the following dispatch from London, England:

> Indication of a movement among conscientious objectors to provide instruction for answering questions when they appeal to the tribunal for exemption from military service was brought out at a hearing today.
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> Douglas MacPherson testified he consulted a member of the Fellowship of Conscientious Objectors after preparing a written statement for the tribunal. He gave an affirmative answer when the judge asked if this was done with a view to being prepared to answer questions.

The English correspondent of the *Christian Century* reports the following:

> The *Christian News-Letter* (England) for January 12 contained a supplement in which some of its readers state why they hold the pacifist position. The *News-Letter* in previous numbers has set forth the non-pacifist Christian's point of view. Dr. Oldham, the editor, does not hold the pacifist position. He sums up the general arguments of his correspondents who do take this position in these words: "The main burden of the letters is not only the incompatibility of war with Christian discipleship, but also the futility of modern methods of war to accomplish any spiritual ends."
>
> It should be noted once more that the expression of such views is not forbidden here. Those who hold them and are of military age have to appear before tribunals which are non-military. These tribunals may give one of four verdicts—absolute exemption, conditional exemption, non-combatant service, or the CO's may be placed unconditionally on the military register if the tribunal is not satisfied that they have made good their claim. The results up to Dec. 23 were: out of 4,781 who appeared, 692 were given total exemption; conditional, 2,151; registered for non-combatant service, 1,107, and 831 were adjudged not to have made out their claim. It should be added that while they acknowledge how great an advance has been made since the last war, the pacifists find many individual cases of hardship.

The Ninth Annual Indiana Pastors Conference, held in Indianapolis, passed resolutions condemning war as unchristian, declaring no peace built on force can endure, and calling on the United States to stay out of this war.

The Washington Council of Churches and Christian Education, meeting in Seattle, passed resolutions deploring the increased expenditures of the Federal government for military purposes, urging that traffic in war materials with Japan be stopped, commending President Roosevelt for his attempt to establish peace through the coöperation of religious leaders.

A nation-wide petition is being circulated to the poets of America by Ralph Cheyney on behalf of the West-

ern Poets' Congress. Addressed to the President of the United States, the petition asks him to exert his influence to "help keep this country from becoming actively involved in a war with any foreign power, [and] to this end oppose foreign loans and other aid to belligerent nations, as well as the sending of American troops off American soil."

Fellowship publishes the following private letter received from an officer of the English Fellowship of Reconciliation:

The important event of the last few weeks as far as I, personally, have been concerned, was my tribunal. My case came before the London tribunal at Fulham and was held in the West London County Court. As I think you know, I am claiming absolute exemption from military service and will not accept any condition attached to an exemption. I failed to secure complete exemption, a condition being imposed that I find work in agriculture or forestry within one month. I am, of course, appealing and expect my appeal to be heard sometime in January. The appeal tribunal for England and Wales has only recently commenced its work. I have attended some of its sessions, and I have come to the conclusion that I have practically no chance of securing an alteration of the local tribunal's decision.

If my appeal is turned down I shall be given the month to find the work and then called before the local tribunal again to explain why I have not found it. On hearing of my refusal to accept their decision, they will probably place me on the military training register. I will be summoned to a medical examination but will refuse to attend as this will be my first military order. The minister is empowered to have me arrested and charged before a police court for failing to appear after two notices. On conviction I am liable to be fined £5 with an alternative of a month's imprisonment. Having served this sentence I anticipate a military escort awaiting me who will take me to military barracks where I refuse an order, am court-martialled, and sentenced to 2 years commuted to 112 days.

This seems my program for the next few months and I feel proud to have the privilege of witnessing in this way to my Christian convictions. I shall be following in a great tradition and with this consolation that I shall never have to undergo the sufferings that killed the early pioneers. *The sacrifice made by the 79 men who died in the last war and the 39 who were driven insane has not been in vain. Today it is legal to be a CO, there are already more in the 20-22 classes than in the whole of the great war, and there will, God grant, be none of the terrible brutality inflicted by the military last time.*

Already some have suffered imprisonment for their convictions. These have been ex-servists onetime members of the regular army who have become pacifists since their retirement. On the outbreak of war they were called up for service and disobeyed their first military order, were court-martialled, and sentenced to military detention. Their cases were taken up with Mr. Hore-Belisha and pressure was brought to bear so that on release they were put to canteen and other non-combatant duties. This has happened in three cases where the term of detention has been completed. The men concerned appear satisfied with that decision.

In a few days now the men whose cases were turned down by the Appeal Tribunal will be receiving the notices to attend for a medical examination, and they will presumably be going to prison shortly. So the real struggle is just beginning. We have an efficient organization to help the CO and guard his rights and it will be put to the test soon now. The National Joint Advisory Bureau will shortly be issuing an appeal for £10,000 as a first installment toward the dependent's fund. When one thinks that many of the men facing prison are the sole support of their mothers, and younger brothers and sisters, that their stand means the loss of a job in a community that offers only war-work, one can only marvel at their confidence and amazing courage. I am lucky I have only myself to support.

Thank you for your inspiring fellowship,

Sincerely yours,

DAVID ————.

The *Nofrontier News Service* reports the following from Berlin, Germany:

Lukewarmness among the Christian clergy for the war is being condemned by the Nazi press. Ministers have already been forbidden to send church literature to the front. Now they are being accused of exercising a "dangerous" influence by writing letters to mobilized church members. *Das Schwarze Korps,* the most important Nazi weekly, asserts it has received from the commander of a company a demand to support him in an attempt to fix things so that soldiers will no longer be "molested by such daubings, which the troops find disgusting."

The clergymen, so the complaint goes sourly on, "write as if they wanted to disgust the soldier with his warfare. They do not find a single word in support of the meaning of this war. They do not pray for victory. They unpack from the moth-proofed box of their pious generalities formulas which fit the sacred mission of the German soldier as the fist fits the eye. . . ."

Examples are provided of stencilled letters and greetings that priests and pastors send to the front. The Catholic parish priest of Buederich-on-the-Rhine said: "May the Divine Child bring us soon the world peace which everybody is longing for." The Nazi paper is scandalized. It says: "The priest does not tell what kind of peace he wishes us. Even good old Chamberlain prays for world peace."

The two Lutheran pastors of Aplerbeck, the Reverend Mr. Schuette and the Reverend Mr. Kramm, went a step farther and said: "There are enemies all around us. Perhaps the English and the French are not even the worst." With its usual perspicacity *Das Schwarze Korps* discovers that these "worse" enemies are certainly the Nazis. "Probably the enemy referred to is in Aplerbeck where he gives trouble once more to the reverend gentlemen—and the soldiers on the Siegfried Line and the airmen and sailors on the North Sea, are holding the wrong positions."

A Catholic message from Lahr in Baden went even farther, and said: "If Christ were not the Son of God and the Savior of the world, but were only a political Fuehrer, of what avail would that be to us?" This is "political perfidy," declares the Nazi weekly. But it tells us what clergymen *should* have done. They should have "come down from their pulpits" to address the soldiers as follows: "Hello, comrades, all of us are now nothing but soldiers of the Fuehrer and our only duty is to win the war. Let religious denominations go to the devil, we have now to save our souls by thrashing the English." With such priests and ministers, says the paper, not even "pagan" Nazis would have hesitated to shake hands.

But such priests and pastors were not readily to be found. They have not been doing what they "should" have done.

Reckoning

When the black cost is reckoned, and the waste
Of lives and lands is counted, toll by toll,
This will be not the least: that in men's soul
A darkness fell, a shrivelling sword was traced,
And left him scorched, and fumbling, and abased,
While blind clubs barred him from each well-known goal
And left the wolf, the leopard in control,
With man himself the quarry trapped or chased.

That all commandments prized by priest or seer
Have been obscured; that man's warm blood is sought
Like water to be spilled, his hearths laid low—
Does this not mean some chord must disappear
Out of his spirit, and our race be brought
Nearer the coiled snake hissing at its foe?

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

The Study Table

A Poem of the Crucifixion

CENTURION. *By Edwin McNeil Poteat.* 182 *pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.* $2.00.

I have been fond of narrative poetry ever since as a boy I read Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Interest passed into enthusiasm when, in my second year in high school, I studied Scott's "Marmion," and followed this, on my own initiative, with "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lord of the Isles." Then I plunged into Byron, Moore's "Lahla Rook," and even Southey. I never read Meredith's "Lucille," but Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" stirred profound emotion, and I revelled, as I still do, in Tennyson's "Idylls of a King." Later came John Masefield's early narrative poems, notably "Dauber," which he has now so unwisely abandoned for prose tales, which others can do quite as well.

Narrative poems in our time are few and far between. If written, they are seldom published; if published, they are little read. I have on my library shelves several admirable specimens of verse of this type, but I have never known anyone besides myself who ever read them, or even heard of them. This book, *Centurion,* is the latest which has come to my table. It is beautifully printed and bound by one of the best of our contemporary publishers; it is written in simple and lovely poetic style; it tells an intensely dramatic story with clarity and power; it is Biblical in theme, with direct reference to the tragedy of Jesus and the crucifixion. *Centurion* is the story, set forth in unfailingly beautiful blank verse, of Marcus, a Roman captain, in service with the legions in Palestine. Marcus marries, after a passionate love affair, a Jewish maiden, Mary of Magdala, here represented not as the harlot of Christian tradition, but as a rebellious girl who insists upon giving her heart to a Gentile lover in spite of the horror of her father and the outlawry of her tribe. Her marriage is a true union, of which is born one child, a son, John Marcus, later destined to become the Mark of the second Gospel.

Mary is attached to the Nazarenes, followers of Jesus, the carpenter, who has become famous throughout the land as a teacher and healer. Her boy, Mark, is brought up in reverence of the Master, and even the stern captain of the legion is interested, and then touched, by what his adored wife tells him of the words and deeds of the Nazarene. It becomes evident to his mind that there is conflict between this Christ, if he be Christ, and Caesar. But Marcus is a loyal soldier, and his obedience is to his Emperor. But tension grows within his soul between his sworn duty on the one hand, and on the other hand his love for his wife and the strange influence of the Galilean.

The crisis comes when Marcus is ordered to Jerusalem to police the city during the week of Passover, when rioting is feared. The centurion takes with him his wife and child, and lodges them where later in an upper room Jesus and his disciples have their last supper together. In the rapid succession of events, Marcus' heart is torn between Pilate, whose orders he must obey, and Jesus, whose appeal is becoming irresistible. The break comes on the road to Golgotha, when Jesus falls beneath the weight of his cruel cross, and Marcus, moved by a glad impulse, lifts it in pity and in token of his allegiance. There follow his arrest, as he refuses now to obey the commands of Rome, and his crucifixion side by side with Jesus.

> "It was another Mary crouching there
> Beneath the raging dissonance of storm
> Close by the gibbet where the Teacher hung,
> Waiting to see his agony expire,
> Heard Marcus cry in triumph to the wind:
>
> 'Was it not just indeed that I should die
> By that dark perfidy for which I lived?
> This be the victory: that He shall live
> By the bright verity for which He dies.'"

The author takes obvious liberties with the Gospel text. But this is legitimate! Scrupulously faithful to the spirit of the Scripture narrative, he conceives his own dramatic story and fits it imaginatively into the historic background. The tale is told with unerring sense of values, and the poetry has throughout a haunting beauty. This work should take and hold an enduring place in the literature of Bible inspiration.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Economic Freedom

RUSSIA, AND THE APPROACH OF ARMAGEDDON. *By Charles S. Seely, Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. Navy, Retired.* 206 *pp. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company.* $2.00.

For all in our midst who are trying to foment themselves and others into another "holy war"—this time against the atheistical Soviet Union—this is just the book. Its tragedy will probably be twofold. Few people will read it, at least who need to read it. Many who do will insist that Stalin or some "Red" has bribed an aging former Lieutenant-Commander, or at least is using him without his knowledge, to advance their "Red" propaganda.

Our author in November, 1937, concluded an eighteen-month trip to thirty-eight different countries, spending more than a year in Russia, Germany, Italy, Japan, England, and France. Two hundred cities and more than two thousand people came within his close purview. His comments and analyses of what he expected the various countries to do are fascinating now that we have the advantage of seeing what they really have done. The book was published in 1939, obviously before Britain and France declared war on Germany on September 3.

Main interest lies in our author's surprise in the Soviet Union and his expectation of the outcome of the struggle of Rightists and Leftists. Forearming the reader with the information that his "great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather, Captain Robert Seely, commanded the *Arabella,* the flagship of Governor Winthrop's fleet . . . which . . . arrived at Salem, Mass., on June 12, 1630," and that he has at least one ancestor who fought in every war in which America has been involved, in which he has not fought himself, he goes to Russia with nine major prejudices against the "Russian communistic system." He admits frankly that he got these prejudices from the press and the "six different military and patriotic organizations, of which" he is "a member."

Because of conflicting reports about the Soviet Union, he could not learn much authoritatively before going to Russia. Trying to be an unprejudiced observer, leaving beaten paths and talking with common people, a retired man with no business or job to lose, he simply falls in love with the life he found in the USSR. "True the Russians do not enjoy our particular brand of freedom, but they do have freedom. It is a different kind of freedom; a freedom we do not have, never have had, and never in our most pleasant dreams ever expect to have. The Russians are free from all worry and fear of a helpless, dependent old age. They are free from all worry and fear of losing their jobs, crop failures, factory shutdowns, strikes, etc. They are free from all worry about doctors' bills, store bills, interest on the mortgage, or any other money matters. They are free from all worry and fear of everlasting torment in hell, because the Bolsheviks have abolished that future place of abode for folk that God dislikes."

One can hardly suppress a suspicion that the retired lieutenant-commander himself may have lost his own last fear of such mediaeval superstition under Bolshevik tutelage. For a long time he shrank from going into the atheistic museum in Moscow; but finally took his courage in hand and went alone. He came out delighted with the way the Bolsheviks had freed the Russian peasants and masses from the superstitions with which the Czar's state-supported priests had squeezed money out of the poor. "The Bolsheviks concede that there may be a God, but they say, 'Why worry or be alarmed about it?' They firmly believe that the former priesthood of Russia was nothing but a set of cruel grafters who were living on the fat of the land by keeping the poor people in ignorance and fooling them." Commander Seely seems not to have known of Czarist Russia's vicious paganism that masqueraded as "Christianity." He did find out why the Russian masses, knowing no other religion than that of the corrupt state church, revolted against that church. So many rubles for the priest, if a peasant needed rain for his crops! No rain, more rubles. Yet he found the churches packed with worshippers!

The author's style is straightforward, with no attempt at frills. The book is a real contribution to the understanding of Russia, especially for Commander Seely's "six different military and patriotic organizations," whose members may not have known these things from the many other volumes available with a similar story to tell. His remedy for the world is for the United States of America and the other nations to adopt the Soviet economic system at once; and he believes America would do so if its voters really knew the facts.

In the coming conflict between Rightists and Leftists, he expects an eventual victory for the Leftists, although possibly after several setbacks. Again he tells what all students of European politics know, namely, that the masses of the people in European countries are much more alive to the issues involved than are the people in the United States. Of course, Commander Seely cannot be expected to get away from his naval point of view. It is simply pathetic to a pacifist to hear him warn our country to get out of the Orient before Japan does something to us that will compel us to go to war against Japan, or else "be branded cowards by every nation on earth." The good naval brother would fear this branding even worse than he would the war.

While the naval mind is obvious in so many comments, there is much food for thought, and enough shrewd comments to make the volume worth while for these alone. His six pages of lists of Rightists and Leftists in the world may be more interesting than accurate; but every reader will be happy to find himself there. It makes a grand gift to your professional patriot friend! The volume helps to reinforce a thesis we have held for a long time. Here in America we have a certain kind of political freedom, not known in Russia today. On the other hand, in Russia they possess an economic freedom we certainly do not have here in America. Why not work to give Russia what we have along lines of political liberties, while we accept the economic freedom she has achieved?

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

Lord Jesus Has a Measure

Lord Jesus has a measure,
A strange accounting rod,
That makes our yards and inches
Look most extremely odd,

That muddles mathematics
And turns them all askew—
Lord Jesus in his heaven,
Who maketh all things new.

Lord Jesus has a balance
With scales on mercy strung,
By rules of our mechanics
Most insecurely hung.

With measures so erratic
That law and logic shun,
How can there be in heaven
Such perfect justice done?

EDITH LOVEJOY PIERCE

The Field

(*Continued from page* 18)

which undermined and blasted the morals painfully built up during the interludes of peace. And he had decided that so long as we have wars we shall have those cycles of depravity corrupting, for ever longer periods, the good works of mankind, and that wars will be halted only when men, everywhere, pledge themselves not to fight them.

And we at the table, though abandoned by some of our jailmates of twenty-two years ago, took that pledge.

Watch Out for Propaganda

Columnist Paul Mallon suggests seven rules to guard against attack from the "third invisible front," the propaganda front:

1. Guard against being swept off your feet by tales of brutalities against the helpless and defenseless.

2. Remember that American correspondents abroad cannot tell the whole truth because of censorship.

3. Do not get excited over flash advices of sensational military accomplishments until their interpretation is furnished to you.

4. When you read the announcement of a great gain by one side, read what the other side said about it, divide by two, and you will have something worth believing.

5. Do not trust claims of gains made in general terms; worthwhile gains will be named specifically.

6. Remember that an "unconfirmed report" is only a tip that something *may* have happened; look carefully for confirmation or denial.

7. Remember that anything that happens to an American will be played up in our press, even if a bomb killed ten Frenchmen to one American.